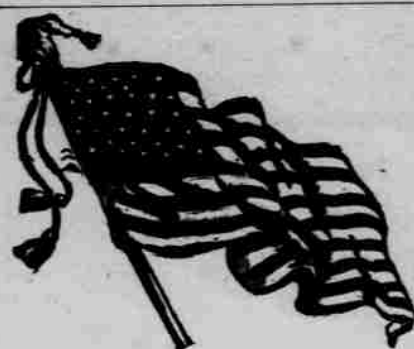


WESTERN KANSAS WORLD

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FROM OVER THERE

LETTER FROM LIEUT. WHEELER

Somewhere in France.

August 3, 1918.

Dear Father and Mother:
I slept in a real feather bed last night in a little village near the one where the Sanitary School is located. The village here is too small to billet or quarter all the medical officers and enlisted men although the chateaux, wine cellars, etc., are all pretty well filled up with soldiers. Each house is marked to accommodate so many officers or soldiers. The people where I billet are merchants. Very few homes have bath tubs or electric lights here.

I little dreamed that I would ever find a candle a luxury. If we had to buy them of the French they would be—but we get them of the Y. M. C. A., also Swiss milk chocolate, tobacco, etc., tobacco is issued the soldiers here with their rations. Uncle Sam is a wonder—the way he has provided for his boys. Americans could or would not exist on what most of the Europeans have to. They are busy harvesting and no men as the work is all done by hand or with the cradle by women, children and old men or cripples. France has done nobly and wonderfully.

The roads are fine gravel or stone pikes but are showing some bad effects from our big U. S. A. trucks, but they keep the German prisoners repairing them so that they should keep in pretty fair shape. The railroad trains here have no couplings like ours but are coupled with chains and have no air brakes. The freight cars carry about 10 tons and are short about half the length of ours and have a cab which is a queer little seat like on a bus and no caboose. The railroads here have been expensive to build on account of being through old improved property and not through new public lands or on railroad land granted by the government as in U. S. A.

The engines are quite small. There are quite a few large U. S. engines and freight cars and it seems like home when we see them. There is quite a difference in the way Americans do things and you can see everywhere the improvements and changes introduced by Uncle Sam already.

The Y. M. C. A. are certainly doing a wonderfully practical and useful work here by supplying recreation, a place to write home, selling articles of food and necessities and a chance to develop and sustain the third great side or rather all three sides of the triangle—mind, body and spirit.

This is a depot division from whence medical departments who come in unassigned are what we call casuals—not casualties—are assigned where most needed regardless of preference.

This part of France resembles central Kansas during a wet year to a surprising extent except for small farms, stone houses with tile roof. Practically every building is of stone. The numerous large wine cellars are dug back into the rock banks or hills much like old Kansas dugouts.

The Scotch lads in kilts that I saw at some rest camps where we stopped over night enroute were usually surrounded by several Sammies who were exchanging questions and answers about their respective homes and conditions at the front. The private apparently has a better chance to mix with the soldiers and learn of their customs, etc., than officers do.

It is remarkable the ground and water we have covered since July 5th and the system and efficiency and clockworks of the entire plan. It is almost a miracle from start to finish. There are many things I would like to tell but cannot. I am at Thesee near Saint Aignon about 60 miles from ———. I understand that when we are not nearer to the line of battle than Paris we can give our location.

I do not expect to be here long and if we get letters within three weeks after arriving they say we are lucky. Everyone here is said to go through several stages: 1st week of drinking wine, because that is all the French ever drink and it is so plentiful. Then after the first week they look for good water, then later they get homesick, then they get over that and get so that they do not mind anything.

One is certainly proud of his flag, country and the principles she upholds etc., after seeing what we have seen and I for one am glad I enlisted early in the greatest cause any nation ever engaged in.

I am feeling fine—we have not had much rain yet. With lots of love to all.

Roy J. Wheeler.

1st. Lieut. M. R. C. Training School for Sanitary Troops. 1st Depot Div. A. P. O. 27 A. E. F. in France.

NAVY LIFE AS SEEN BY A JACKIE

This is but one of many incidents occurring to the U. S. S. ——— and her crew carrying supplies to our naval bases 'over there' in the fall and winter of 17 and 18.

Day dawned the morning of this incident with a great crimson appearing off our bow to the eastward, a beautiful sight for a land lubber, in fact for any one whose artistic temperament outweighs his sense of danger. The great flecks of crimson and orange fitting back and forth, and their reflection on the broad expanse and almost glassy surface except for the long fade away waves from those twenty odd ocean going monsters plying their way over seas, bring to mind the adage, 'a red sky at night is the sailor's warning.' We knew that we were due for one of those sudden appearing, terrific storms, that visit the Atlantic just east of mid ocean at this time of year, and when the Bos'n's mate piped the port watch at 7:45 a. m. the wind had already begun to rise, coming from about two points off our starboard bow. We, the gun crews of which I was a member, stood our watches, four hours on four hours off, and dogged our watches for supper at 5:30. Whenever we were off watch in day time the Master at Arms would chase us out of the compartments and the Bos'n's mates would make us turn to on deck with the rest of the division, so that about all the sleep we got was during the four hours we were off duty at night, therefore you can see why we could sleep through any confusion when the opportunity came. By noon the wind was a gale, wide breakers were rising, and when we relieved the port watch at evening breakers were coming over the forecastle several feet deep.

Our gunner's mate got permission from the gunner for us to stand watch on the No. 5 hatch as our station was on the fantail and we were getting considerable spray, an occasional treacher coming over the side. The for'd crew had been moved to the bridge several hours before. The port watch came back at 6 p. m. and we went below to try and snatch off a little sleep before going back on watch at 8 p. m. My clothes were wet throughout, I flopped down on a tarpalin beside a noisy bunch of sailors playing cards and was soon in the land of bliss dreaming I was home on a furlough when I was suddenly awakened by a crash to look up and find that a bunch of awning stanchions secured to the bulkhead had carried away and fallen to the deck in one of the ship's plunges and rolls.

I climbed the ladder to find things as black as coal; the sea was a seething mass, hurling dark monsters at the ship from every direction. Their I noticed that we had changed course and were running with the sea for safety. Breakers would rush up astern ten fathom higher than the ship and seemed as if they would overwhelm and capsize her, but they always pushed her a little ahead and only a few feet of water would rush over the stern sheets. I faintly heard eight bells go on the bridge and the Bos'n's mate call out 'Relieve the wheel, lookouts and lifeboats.'

Our gun crew comprising five men, sight setter, two pointers, plugman, and shellman, for three inch guns, (there were four such on our vessel) had hardly been on duty twenty minutes, when we heard a snap above the roar of the storm and the drone of the engines. At the snap the ship started swinging immediately. We knew what it was for we had heard it on previous trips, in less severe storms.

I rushed across the ship toward the bridge as fast as safety permitted shouting that the steering gear had carried away, then made my aft to find half the ship's company rushing that way. Deck watches were forgotten for we knew that no sub could give trouble in that storm. The ship was doing some awful rolling by that time having swung into the trough of the sea. Sailors were sliding about on the deck in water from six inch to

three feet deep, grabbing at the railing, ventilators, anything to hold on to for it was as easy to walk on the bulkhead as on the deck in one of her big plunges and rolls.

The men were all a hardy bunch of sailors, used to wind and water. Their past months were enough to make men seafaring and most of them had done service on battleships and other seagoing vessels before. They gave little heed to themselves but all wanted to save that eleven million dollar cargo for Uncle Sam and the world struggle for Justice and Liberty.

The Quarter Master was blinking to the other ships to keep clear. One of the big chains had broken near the center and the strain had been so great that the end when it swung had broken the rail and bent some of the stanchion around the steering gear. Had we been at our regular station few of us would have escaped or if it all it would have been with broke legs and arms from the swinging of the chain.

Ship-fitters, carpenters mates, machinists-mates, seaman, and nearly ever one together with the officers were trying to get the hand steering gear connected up with the two ends of the chain and shackled together, all shifting back and forth with the roll of the ship. Seeing so many helpers and in each others way, I decided to go below and get some much needed sleep. Instead of going to the for'd compartment and swinging my hammock I went to No. 5 hold where we had a sort of crew's quarters, incidentally some seven hundred and fifty depth bonds stowed there on the first deck. I could hear them rolling about some and didn't exactly like the idea, especially when I thought of all the T. N. T. and gun cotton in them and knew their explosive qualities, and I also remembered the Halifax explosion which happened but a short time before.

With a sigh not altogether of satisfaction I fell asleep on a chest after securing it to a stanchion, but had not been asleep long when the gunpointer of the crew came down and woke me. With a drawn face he told me to get on deck quick and stand by to jump overboard, for the officers had nearly given up the ship, the last roll had registered 62 degrees to starboard and 47 degrees to port and but a few degrees more and the ship would turn turtle. The radio operators were sending out S. O. S. and the cruiser conveying us was standing by to pick up survivors.

It would have been impossible to launch boats in that storm, they had dipped water any way, some water having run into the hatch of the chart house. I informed him in the choice language of the sailor, (it might not look well in print) to get out and get on deck if he wished, but for myself I was going to sleep while there was opportunity. He started for the ladder, missed it and grabbed for a stanchion and collided with the bulkhead. Luckily there was a coil of line there or his skull would have been crushed. He recovered and crawled on all fours to the ladder.

All the while I was enjoying a sea saw motion, first my head highest then my feet but the chest was secure and unable to slide, but my back was raw in several places from the friction. Looking about I saw several like myself too sleepy to care and resolved to take the consequences without worrying. I could not go to sleep immediately on account of the clatter of the 'ash cans' (depth bombs) and other cargo stored in after hold. I tried to see the humorous side of life and nearly succeeded when I saw the steward with his life preserver on crawling to the ladder when the ship gave one of her large rolls and he fell flat on his stomach, and a cask came over the deck and rolled squarely over him pinning him closer to the deck than ever. I nearly split my sides laughing but it probably was not so funny to him.

I then got up and worked myself to the ladder resolved to report the condition of the depth charges. There I saw the colored mess-attendants huddled up by the galley. One had a blue jacket's manual in his hand which I was informed afterwards he had taken in his excitement for a Bible. He was shouting, "Nebber mine brennen, it'll all come out allright. If de good Lawd sees fit to take up all home let's go joyfully." However none looked or acted very joyful.

Going aft to the steerage I was told that the gunner's mates were down in the hold looking after the ash cans, so I went down to help. The carpenter mates were helping too and they were rounding up the rest of the crews to help. When we found that we were unable to block them with wood we started sticking bights of five inch hawser down between the cans to absorb the shocks, then a nine inch hawser for the larger openings, and finished up with a four inch hawser.

It was nearly 3 a. m. The ship became steadier for they had gotten the chain connected and we the star-

board watch were told that we might sleep till 4 o'clock, time to go on watch again. Before turning in I went on deck again. The ship was back stern on to the sea, the rolling had modified to twenty degrees and it seemed as if I were on land, but there were the great breakers astern, rolling up white caps, like pictures of the snow capped Alps.

In the morning I learned more of the night's trials and manys acts of heroism. One seaman was washed through the life lines barely clutching the rail with one hand and was pulled aboard by the boatswain's mate. This same boatswain's mate had a wrist crushed a little later in one of the links of the chain. Another seaman had his course set for the rail full speed ahead and nothing to catch hold of when our gunpointer caught him by the end of his jumper with one hand and the ammunition locker with the other thus saving him from Davy Jones' locker.

That exposure went hard with many of the sailors who were not hardened to it but while many serious bruises resulted no lives were lost. That night will be one long remembered by the crew and though we had other adventures and with the undersea dogs none were quite like to bring the officers and crew together and prove the fallacy of the slogan 'That all shipmates went down with the Maine.' I have no doubt those 'ash cans' have accounted for more than one 'tin fish' and that other parts of that cargo have played a part if not on the Maine than at other places on the battle lines of Europe.

R. A. Harlan,
Seaman U. S. N.

LETTER FROM RANDALL REID

Somewhere in France

Dear Sister Gail:

Well, well, here I am and will try and write you a few lines. Have been thinking of writing to you for some time, but never could find time to write to any one but the folks. Have written several letters the last few which has kept me pretty busy.

Have been up near the front ever since the 25th of May so I did not have much chance to write to any one, and now I am trying to catch up. Have not received a letter from any one of you yet, but am hoping to get one soon. Hope you are in the same fix.

Well, how is everything out there, (or over there.) It has been rather rainy here for the last couple of days, and another thing it has been rather chilly over here all along. Guess it don't get hot here like it does in the States. Am still wearing my winter clothes and have an idea I will keep on all summer. One thing we get pretty good treatment over here and plenty to eat when we are where we can get it. I have been in places where it wasn't so easy to get food out it wasn't bad.

We are issued tobacco about every week. That is a joke for me as I haven't had any money for so long. I don't know how I would get along without my smokes.

Well, Gail, I will try and tell you a little of my experience over here; my first trip to the front I went up on a chow (mess) detail, we carried the chow up to the front line. I felt sort of nervous as the big shells were whistling over us, some would come pretty close, I can tell the world. You can imagine for yourself when some of them leave holes in the ground 20 feet across. I have gotten so now that I can tell just about how close they are going to fall. If they are coming close I flop myself on the ground. I have been sprinkled several times with dirt from them, but that's nothing as you know a miss is as good as a mile.

The second time to the front line was with chow. It did not seem quite so bad this time, as I understood it a little better. The third time up was my first real experience. This time I went into the trenches to stay a few days. This was somewhat different, but I came out O. K. and I am trusting in the Lord to bring me the rest of the way through. I got a little gas the first time I was there, but not enough to lay me out. My lungs were a little sore for a few days, but I feel O. K. now.

I will close for time hoping you get this in due time and hope it finds you all well. As ever with lots of love.

Your Brother,

Randall J. Reid.

Co. B. 28th Inf. A. E. F.

FROM MARTIN LOFSTEAD

Somewhere in France.

Dear Mother, Father and All:
Well as I have nothing to do the remainder of the morning I will drop you a line to let you know I am enjoying the very best of health, and sincerely hope this finds you all the same. This is a very lovely day; it's nice here most all the time, much better than I imagined. We have changed our location since I wrote last and business is picking up all right. I think we have the enemy

pretty well buffaloed, but you know they are so headstrong that they hate to give up, but they are going to have to do so and that very soon.

I had a nice conversation with a lady yesterday, she could speak English pretty well so it was very enjoyable; so many words she couldn't understand so we would take the dictionary she had and get them. I Judge she is about 35 or 40 years old but that made no difference at all to me, you know. She also said that she thought the U. S. soldiers were very sanitary compared with the French and I guess we are.

Well, I like my work fine and dandy. I am off every other day so that makes it fine. I haven't received any mail yet; they told us it would probably be six weeks before we would receive any mail and I guess it has alright.

Well, you must all take good care of yourselves and I'll do the same, and don't worry about me as I don't believe I ever felt better in my life. The boys all nicknamed me "fatty", so you see I am not starving at all. Well, I must ring off.

Martin Lofstead.

Co. B. 140 Inf., A. E. F.

LETTER FROM ALBERT KRHUT

Over Here, July 1918.

Dear Sister:

Well, how goes it with you and the rest of the bunch. I haven't time to write a very long letter because I need the sleep very bad as I have had about 12 hours sleep in the last four days. Have been working almost day and night. It's cloudy this afternoon so we came in but may have to go back any moment.

I received the papers a couple of days ago and was sure glad to get them. I spent about all day yesterday reading them. It sure sounds good to know the people are helping us the way they are. Everybody loves the Red Cross over here for they sure do treat you fine. I am looking for some letters today or tomorrow and they had better come. I hope you have been getting my mail more regular lately. Of course if it is delayed we can't help that as we do our best over here.

We have been having some hot weather over here. Real hot Kansas weather. I suppose you are through harvesting now and hope the wheat is better than you expected it to be. How is the corn looking and all the other spring crops. Some of the wheat over here is ready to harvest but there is no one to harvest it. It sure is a shame the way things are as there is lots of crops that will go to waste. Did you have much trouble in getting hands this year or did you do all the harvesting yourself?

Things have been rather quiet over here the last week but we are expecting a big drive most any time now. Everyone is anxious for it to come for they believe the war will be over then.

Some of the boys have had kind of a fever but they are all well now. It only last for a few days. Seems to be kind of an epidemic.

I must close now hoping this finds you all well. How is Bessie? I am well and feeling fine.

Love to all

Albert.

Btry. B. 1st A. A. Bn. (Cac.) A. E. F. via. N. Y.

From the Youth's Companion we learn that last winter Herbert Hoover, Food Commissioner, cabled to Lord Rhonda that we had exhausted our wheat reserve for 1917 and that Lord Rhonda immediately cabled back, "Then We Have Lost. The War is Over." But not so. At once began the food saving and substitute orders and since then we have sent to our Allies 100,000,000 bushels of wheat saved by those orders. This means nearly a bushel apiece for each and every person in the U. S. saved by the use of substitutes. It means the difference between a victory for liberty, or enslavement by the conquering Hun.

Yet here among us are those who boast that they have used no substitutes though claiming to be loyal. I could name some of them.

Are you one who has helped to save that bushel by eating corn bread or other substitutes or is your stomach so weak that you would rather see America go down than injure your digestion? Yes some of these people say they buy the substitutes but feed them to the hogs and chickens while others if I am not wrongly informed by those who ought to know have last year's flour still hid away. Are any of these saving for the boys over there and those other brave people of the allies who are struggling for life and liberty?

So many people seem to think their bit would make no difference. What if the whole hundred million thought the same way? Where would the saving come? There are others who use as much sugar as ever if they can get it or manage to evade the law by getting canning permits.

I have a boy over there, if still alive, fighting that these same people may live in security and freedom, who would give all the wages that he receives to have some of that sugar, and perhaps, bread. If necessary I would be willing to live on corn bread or substitutes and without sugar altogether if the boy can have the things he needs.

When the boys of some of these same people are on the other side they will no longer feed to the hogs and chickens the necessary things of life even though they are able to buy bonds (no sacrifice) and believe it is nobody's business what they waste, so it is their own money.

The wheat will be as necessary as ever for it is not alone our own two or three millions over there that must be fed but the millions of the others who are in the war with us. Our army is getting larger, so is the burden of the support, and many cargoes of the food sent across may find a place in the sea. The time for extravagance and prodigality long since passed and the time arrived when it is the public's business to see that every one follows rigidly the lines laid out for us by the men in charge of the war situation.

H. H.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

I hereby announce to the voters of Trego county that I am an independent candidate for representative subject to the will of the voters at the November, 1918, election. Your support is earnestly solicited and will be gratefully appreciated.

Yours respectfully,

O. L. Cook.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLASSON,
(Seal) Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Pain

Here is a message to suffering women, from Mrs. Kathryn Edwards, of R. F. D. 4, Washington Court House, Ohio. "I am glad to tell, and have told many women, what I suffered before I knew of Cardui and the great benefit to be derived from this remedy. A few years ago I became practically helpless..."

TAKE

Card-u-i

The Woman's Tonic

"I was very weak," Mrs. Edwards goes on to say, "and could not sleep without suffering great pain... Nothing seemed to help me until I heard of Cardui and began the use of it... I gradually gained my strength... I am now able to do all my work." If you need a tonic take Cardui. It is for women. It acts gently and reliably and will probably help you as it helped this lady.

All Druggists

FORT HAYS NORMAL STUDENTS
Rooms 3 blocks from Coliseum. \$1.00 a week. Baggage delivered. M. E. Lord. Adv. 28.

STREET SALE

I will sell on the streets of Ogallah on Saturday, September 14, 1918, at 1:30 p. m., a lot of barb and woven wire, old ties, household goods, and other articles too numerous to mention. Terms cash. D. C. Cahill. 28 2t.

TO EXCHANGE

160 acre farm in south part of Gove county, Kansas, for something around Wa-Keeney, Kansas, will pay difference. P. J. Highley, Grainfield, Kansas. Adv. 28 3t.

NOTICE

Please send me at once the address of your boy who is in the army or navy, which will be published next week for the benefit not only of these friends here but for the boys abroad and the nearest complete list is the more it will be worth to you and to them.

Hudson Harlan.

Don't fail to buy War Saving Stamps. You can buy up to \$1,000 worth and you have until December 31st to pay for them. Leave your subscription at the bank and post office.